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THE CRUISE OF THE SPARKLER.
By the Author of "THE MOUNTAIN," "MY FIRST AND LAST FLOGGING," &c.

It was upon a bright morning in July, 1814, that the American privateer schooner Sparkler, which had been becalmed for eight-and-ten hours, about sixty miles outside the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the north-west and made all sail for the southward and eastward.

She was of that class of vessels designated in nautical parlance, "Baltimore clippers," and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical figure to perceive that she was well worthy of her name. About two hundred tons in burthen, long and low, and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam; while her beautiful tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky.

Upon her snow-white decks, which were without spring or rise, we mounted sixteen long brass twelve-pounders, eight of a side; not run out of the ports, as in a man-of-war, but slewed fore and aft; while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantman, in various colors, that in required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant vessel from Fells Point, bound to the Spanish Main.

In addition to her batteries, she mounted amidships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass racks, arm-chests, and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the booms, showed that she was also well prepared for close-quarters, and to finish by boarding the work out on by the great guns. She was withal well manned. Of her crew of one hundred and eighty men, the greater part were now upon deck, having just finished making sail; and in their dark faces and muscular forms, as they carelessly lounged about, might read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily, upon men who would fight to the death in defence of their striped and spangled bunting.

The captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretensions to nicety, but wearing a common turpaulin, had been walking fore-and-aft along the starboard-quarter-deck for half an hour, in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now paused in his promenade, and addressed the first mate.

"Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are eight days from Hampton Roads, and only just clear of Bermuda.—We must make more easting soon or we shall lose the outward bound West Indian, and be compelled to trust to chance customers."

"Very true, Captain Benson," replied the first mate, who was at this moment standing on a gun, and leaning against the starboard bulwark; "but—"

"Sail ho!" sung out the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" hailed Benson, while all hands sprang up at the announcement.

"Right ahead, sir!" was the reply.

This news spread life throughout the vessel, and hands being instantly mustered, ring-tails and bonnets were rigged, sail increased as much as possible, and our schooner wing-and-wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at prospect of something professional, were speculating as the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize money.

In half an hour Benson hailed the look-out: "Must-head, there! what do you make her out to be?"

"A large ship, sir," replied the look-out; "her starboard-tacks boarded, standing south-west."

"Keep her more to the southward, Mr. Townsend," said Captain Benson, on receipt of this information; "we'll cut her off."

"She's a stout lump of a ship, sir," replied the mate as he obeyed the order; "she may be a man-of-war."

"Very good, we have the weather-gage," answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look.

In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after; for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer, suddenly heeled her wind and made all sail towards her, while the rapidity with which her course was changed & her canvass crowded, seemed proof-positive that she was a man-of-war.

This maneuver produced some surprise on board the Sparkler.

"A scotch prize, Captain Benson!" observed the first mate as he handed him the glass.

"Perhaps so," replied Captain Benson composedly; "clear away long Tom there, and double-shot both batteries; we will soon see what she is."

It was now about noon, and the vessels being on opposite courses, had approached within four or five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing.

"The chase is now within range, Sir," reported Townsend.

"Very good, sir. Let drive at him with long Tom, and send up the gridiron at the fore," replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the breeze and the forty-two spoke in thunder the moment the order was given.

This was a touch of his quality, which the chase had not expected at the hands of the privateer, and the smoke cleared up, showed her bearing off before the wind, crowding all sail.

"So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend," said Benson pointing out this change of course; "she is pulling a heel, and goes off before the wind because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom, and open the magazine. We will try this fellow a little any how."

Meanwhile on board the English West Indian, (for such was the stranger,) all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected that the schooner was an American privateer, but had adopted the bold course of standing towards her in chase, to give the impression that he was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superior sailing from a Baltimore clipper. The report of the Sparkler's long forty-two, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all his hopes of frightening her; and now, as a last resource, he put his helm up, and bore away to the South-east, hoping to leave his pursuers astern until some other ship might heave in sight to save him.

This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvass, made rapid headway. She was the largest class of English West Indian men, about twelve hundred tons in burthen, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Kingston, Jamaica, with a very valuable cargo and a number of passengers; and, to defend the whole, carried sixteen twelve-pounders and a crew of forty men.

"Clear away those guns, my lads, and open the magazine," said the commander of the Indian, who thought he wished to escape, yet had a stomach for dry knocks; "I wish we had a forty-two-pounder, for then we'd fight the Yankee on better terms."

"I hope Captain St. John," said a passenger, who at this moment came up the companion-way, "I hope, Sir, you do not intend to fight the American."

"Certainly I do, Mr. Tompkins," replied St. John; he shall not take all our cargo, and the ship into the bargain, without fighting for it, I promise you. Why, our cargo alone is worth fifty thousand pounds sterling! Jonathan shall not make this fortune this time if I can prevent him."

"But, sir," continued Tompkins, anxious to consider the ladies passengers. I beg, you, sir, to surrender to the American, and perhaps he will treat us well; while if you fight him, he will be enraged, and—"

"Kill all our males, and carry our women and children into captivity beyond Babylon, as the Scripture has it," interrupted St. John, hastily. "Consider the devil! All that the ladies have to do, is to stay below and be quiet; and you, doubtless will fight to the last in defence of your wife and daughter; so there's another hand to work our guns. I mean to shall treat us well, and as for his rage, why we'll get angry too. Come, Mr. Tompkins, there's a musket for you."

"I shan't touch it, sir," said Mr. Tompkins; "it's against my principles to fight, and I will bring the matter before the passengers to see if they will permit you to throw away their lives in this manner," and so saying, he went hastily below.

"Good pluck, that," said St. John, laughing at the bravery of his live freight; "however, perhaps—"

Whizz-z-z came a forty-two-pound shot from the long Tom of the privateer, which interrupted his soliloquy, and passed through his main-royal; and shortly after, another walked through the bunt of all three topsails; and a moment after a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction, while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter.

"Now, my lads," said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, "send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail."

Continuing his course for a moment that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, then put down his helm, hauled close upon the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt further escape while every shot raked him fore-and-aft. "That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizen top-gallant sails, and flying-jib; hauled up the courses, and depressed both batteries for close quarters, and every preparation for small arms and cutlasses, to beat off the privateer if possible, and, in any event, to send some of the Jonathans to Davy's locker."

This change in the Englishman's course pro-

duced a corresponding one in the privateer's. He shortened sail, and perceiving that the Indian intended to show fight, continued to blaze away with his long forty-two, directing his shots solely to her decks, not wishing either to carry away her spar, or hit her between wind and water; and, thoroughly understanding gunnery, his round shot coursed along the decks and cabins of the Indian with terrible precision, causing some freight and some positive injury to her timid passengers.

They were, however, soon huddled up in the run in security, not one caring to fight for his dinner; St. John having coolly told them that they would certainly be captured by the privateer, but that he was determined to have the satisfaction of peppering the Yankees somewhat, any how.

This, however, was not so safe an undertaking; for, as the privateer rapidly neared them, grape-shot were added to round, in her forty-two, which scattered around with their wonted fatal and appalling effect, while the round shot continued to perform his usual mission in his manner; tearing up the decks, dashing in the bulwarks, and knocking those terrible missiles, the splinters, among the crew; while the crowds of armed men, now distinctly seen clustering about the decks of the privateer, showed full plainly that she was amply prepared for the combat hand to hand.

As one after another of the Indian's crew were cut down by one or the other of these destructive, the remainder, instead of being cowed, were, with true bull-dog spirit, only the more exasperated, working ship with great speed and undaunted bravery; and when the privateer began to open upon them with his larboard battery, they immediately returned the same in very spiritedly; and the long forty-two of the American being now neglected for the moment, the combat became more equal, each vessel working eight twelve-pounders of a side.

The commander of the privateer was much surprised at meeting such determined resistance where he had expected abject submission; and the vessels neared, soon became aware, from the destructive effect of the English fire upon his crowded decks, that he must put an end to the present game immediately and trust to boarding for success. He accordingly changed his course so as to pass across the bows of the Indian, intending to rake him thoroughly & then board him; but St. John, who was now in his element, loudly cheering his men, and fighting most determinedly, was fully aware of his intention; and falling off before the wind also, he let drive his whole starboard-battery down upon the decks of the American and among his rigging, carrying away her fore-gaff, and the throat and peak-hal-yards of her mainsail; which last came thundering down by the run, and then, despite the broadside of the schooner which swept along his decks in thunder and flame, he instantly hauled again upon the wind; so that, disabled as was the privateer, she lay right in his course, and was apparently doomed to be run down by the immense hull of the Indian.

This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of those small events which have so often turned the tide of battle.

At the moment of receiving the Indian's broadside, there were two men at the privateer's wheel; the one at the lee-wheel was instantly killed by a grape shot, while the other who escaped unhurt, in his endeavor to free the wheel from the grasp of the dying man, forgetting that the helm was a spoke or two a-lee, put it hard up. The schooner still had headway upon her; and the wind, acting upon her disabled sails, suddenly brought her head around to port, so that, she being a point upon the Indian's starboard-bow, her jib-boom just swept clear of the ship's cut-water, and in an instant she was lying along her weather-side, aloft.

"Boarders, away!" shouted Benson, perceiving his advantage; and, despite a volley of musketry, which laid low a dozen of his best men and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indian's deck, backed by a hundred men. The combat now was brief, and the English captain being struck down, his men perceived farther resistance useless, and hauling down their colors, surrendered; having thus far kept at bay, a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name.

Quarter being given to all, the wounded were handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, and the remainder of the Indian's crew were sent on board of the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize & repairing damages; and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the north-west, standing in for the American coast.

The injury to both vessels was principally in the upper works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water; so that neither sprung any alarming leak, and what few took place soon plugged; and so, continued the repairs of masts, sails, &c., the Indian having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land. The passengers of the Indian were treated

with the utmost respect, their cabin being left entirely for their use. They were also requested to point out their own private property, which would not in any event be touched; and Captain Benson having further assured them that they should be landed at Bermuda if possible, they finally came to the conclusion that he was a very polite fellow, and ther lot far from forlorn.

About midnight the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and so continued until morning.

Now it so happened that an English sloop-of-war of twenty four guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy reports of a single gun at intervals of a minute, became convinced that the gun in question was the long Tom of a Yankee privateer. Acting upon this belief, she had so shaped her course that she would probably be nearly up with the privateer at daybreak;—rightly judging, that upon making the capture, the American would steer for the United States' coast. In the darkness she had approached the privateer, though neither party was sensible of this proximity, and being also becalmed, had laid all night within six miles of her.

As the day broke, the wind sprung up from the north-east, and the privateer had just hauled upon it in company with her prize, when the look-out aloft reported a sail!—and sure enough in plain sight to the south-east, was an English sloop-of-war crowding every thing in chase.

Surprised Benson doubtless was; but with his usual promptitude his plan of operations was instantly laid, and running the schooner close under the lee of the Indian, a line was thrown aboard of her, by means of which three more were passed.

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, "lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them alongside and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indian and make all sail, for in this chase her prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her tween-decks' cargo on deck with all speed. Farther orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise."

These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the time under rapid head-way. Thus a hundred of the privateersmen were on board the ship very shortly, while the boats were hauled back empty to the schooner, and run up at the davits as before.

Thus well manned, the Indian was instantly under a cloud of canvass, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailer, and about equal on the wind, (her course being north-north-west) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three bowled merrily onward.

"There goes your launch, neighbor," said Benson to St. John, who was walking with him the quarter-deck of the schooner as the ship's long boat was tossed over the side according to orders, while the stern and quarter-boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet adrift, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. "I hope they will have a pleasant cruise:—perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me, by-the-by, she may be within range,—here haul that forty-two aft some of you, we'll try Mr. Bull at long-bowls."

The long Tom was accordingly hauled aft, elevated, and let drive; but the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war, it was too nearly spent to do much injury.

This Mr. Bull determined to repay in coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate it so much that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed, however, that the privateer might be hit by a chance shot, and Benson, determined to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position so as to bring the Indian between himself and the sloop-of-war; and that they might be fully aware what his prize was, he ordered to send up at her peak the English ensign, under the stars and stripes; and at her mast-heads her private signal and all the holiday bunting usually sported by English West Indians.

By thus placing the Indian between himself and his pursuers, where she was more likely to be hit than the schooner, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag.

This was a true Yankee trick, and was, for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful;—the sloop-of-war contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shot, which, one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always in her vicinity, and frequently plump into her,—from the privateer's long forty-two, hoping thereby, (herself a prime sailer,) to rescue the Indian in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone, or to be sent to the bottom for his covetousness, when she should come down upon him with her reserved fire.

Now all this was very fine; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crackest sailers in his Majesty's navy when going large, (before the wind,) was not so excellent when close-hauled, and was destitute of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end when on a bowline; accordingly, at this sentimental game she did not make much.

"Captain Benson," said St. John, as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing at her pursuer as fast as her long Tom could be served, "you would soon escape the sloop-of-war by making sail on the schooner, and leaving my ship to take her chance."

"You don't say so, shipmate?" replied Benson, with a knowing wink and the true Yankee drawl. "Do tell!—I don't do that are, sir, by a—sight."

"Sail ho!" hailed the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" replied Benson quickly.

"To windward, sir," answered the look-out; and in plain sight on the weather-bow, distant not more than eight miles, was a large ship,—bearing down, which, in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

"An English frigate, by the Lord!" shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. Now, Captain Benson, what do you say? shall I take command in the name of his Britannic Majesty,—God bless him; or will you flog both the sloop and the frigate?"

"Spin that yarn to marines, my fine fellow," replied Benson, quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. "There's nothing English about that craft if I can read oakum."

"I'll bet you a dinner of stewed cat harpen-legs and a tuck-out of grog on that, brother Jonathan," continued St. John jeeringly; "but what is she then?"

"She is neither American, English, or French," replied Benson, "and that is all I care for. If she was one of Uncle Sam's forty-four gunners, they would be coming in for a share of prize-money, and I don't want any of their assistance, so I am satisfied as it is. Keep up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quarter-master."

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued her chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indian; and although the frigate was meanwhile rapidly approaching, seemed to think that she, at least, had nothing to fear.

For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficed to bring the frigate within half a mile of the privateer on her weather-beam, heading as if to pass between her and the sloop-of-war.

Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, and at the same instant a broad banner blew out clear at the fore-sky sail mast-head of the frigate, disclosing amid its rustling folds the armorial bearings of the battle ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glancing in the sun-beams, waved the meteor-flag of England.—Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's, the frigate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove-to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at her main.

The English of that, Captain St. John," said Benson, smiling, "is heave-to, send a boat on board, and knock-off firing, because I am between you, so belay all with that forty-two, and take a severe turn round the hencoop."

He then made signal for the Indian to heave-to, and when she had done so, shortened sail on the schooner, and laid her right alongside of his prize, under her lee.

"Now Mr. Townsend," said Benson, as his boat was lowered and manned, "you will twang to all hands, and toss that cargo on board of us as if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate. How's this?" he continued, pausing at the gangway, "the sloop-of-war has not hove-to."

Such was the fact. The sloop of war being some three or four miles from the frigate, continued her course without minding the summons of the Dane, and this disobedience of her orders was apparently not observed on board the frigate.

"That's a good one, Johnny War," shouted St. John, clapping his hands, you perceive, Captain Benson, that my countrymen yonder does not care a straw for the frigate's orders. She is a neutral, and has no business to interfere."

The Dane, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop of war was within half a mile of her, she then fired two guns in quick succession, the shot of the first passed merrily over the water just ahead of the Englishman, while the second whistled between his main and mizen masts.

That decided the point; the sloop instantly backed her main-top-sail, while her captain, jumping into his boat, pulled for the frigate,—chock full of wrath at this interruption of his pastime.

"A race, my lads!" said Benson, who jumped into his boat at this moment also; "she's as near the frigate as we are, give way."

Now the etiquette of men-of-war pronounces it most honorable to board at the starboard gangway, which as the Dane lay hove-to, was

the side towards the privateer, and when her boat was within a few lengths of the ladder, the boat of the sloop-of-war came under the frigates stern, making for the same gangway, it being, of course, beneath the Englishman's dignity to go on board at the other.

Benson, who was as full of fun as his opponent was of wrath, no sooner became aware of this fact, than he steered directly for the bow of the other boat, and his own being a sharp whale boat, he ran her right aboard with such force and good will, that all the English oarsmen 'caught crabs,' while their commander, who was standing at the moment, was nearly thrown overboard by the concussion.

'Old England for ever! Rule Britannia!'—shouted Benson, as he shoved in at the ladder; 'hope you are not drowned, my lord. I say, my lord, I guess that 'ere was as solid as one of my forty-two's love-taps. What's your opinion, my lord? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweeter as that, my lord, d—n my bloody eyes, my lord if I would not be into his pork-barrel about east, my lord. I say Mr. Bull,' continued Benson, as he deliberately mounted the ladder, 'wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that 'ere: Oh! no, my lord, it was all a-purpose.' Come aboard, my lord;—after me is manners.'

The Englishman, out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he needs must, since he could not lead, dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath! while, to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, though ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee.

Once upon the quarter-deck, Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound, thus giving his version of the story, while the Englishman stood by, awaiting his turn.

At length he also, in obedience to the commands of the Dane, gave his name and that of his vessel, Captain Stanley, of H. B. M. sloop-of-war L—, and bitterly complained of the interference of a neutral power with his chase of a privateer; and having warmed with his subject, he categorically demanded the name of the vessel and of her commander who had dared to heave-to an English-man-of-war; and wound up with the declaration, that unless he was allowed instantly to open his fire upon the American, he would report the Dane to the Lords of the Admiralty, and through them to the King of Denmark.

'All this is very good, sir,' replied the captain of the frigate, not in the least ruffled by the furious tone of the Englishman; 'you are on board his Danish Majesty's frigate Dannebrog, which I, the Baron Augustus Von Hovenburg, have the honor to command; but now that I have ascertained what you both are, you must allow Captain Benson as much time as will place him as far ahead of you as he was when I first ordered him to heave-to.'

'D—d if I do, that's all,' growled Captain Stanley.

'But you shall, sir,' replied the Baron, secretly wishing to favor the American, though this proposition was only justice. 'And moreover, I shall allow no fighting between you while my ship is in presence.'

'Which course does your Lordship intend to steer?' asked Benson very innocently, winking at the Englishman.

'Towards the American coast, sir,' replied Baron, understanding him at once.

'That's just my course my lord,' continued Benson deniurely; 'and I'll keep under your lordship's lee.'

'I'll be d—d if you shall, sir,' broke in Captain Stanley, whose patience was fast vanishing before the gibes of the Yankee.

'Don't know how you'll prevent me, sir,' replied Benson very composedly, shutting his starboard eye and squinting horribly with the other.

'Quietly, gentlemen, quietly,' said the Dane gravely; 'just step into my cabin and take dinner we, we'll talk this matter over. No refusal, gentlemen, come along.'

Captain Stanley, though wishing the Dane at the devil, could not refuse; while Benson, enjoying the fun, gladly accepted the invitation, and all descending to the cabin, sat down to dinner.

'Now then, gentlemen,' said the Baron, as he adjusted his napkin in the most scientific manner, and made the other requisite preparations for taking his allowance aboard, 'nothing so much injures digestion as violent talking; therefore we'll eat our dinner in peace, and discuss this matter over our wine. Captain Stanley, allow me to give you a bit of his Majesty's junk; and during dinner he talked over the news; the best method of ascertaining longitude by D. R., an improvement he had made in the log; and narrated some well-twisted yarns.

With all this display Benson was much pleased, as he knew it would give time for his men to get out the Indian's cargo, and accordingly swallowed the Baron's stories, and laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he made quite a lodgment in the Dane's good opinion; while Stanley, too angry to eat or talk, answered only when addressed, and then only in monosyllables.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the Baron, as he finished relating an out-and-outer, and passed the bottle for the twelfth time, 'we will now arrange this matter. When I hove-to the schooner, she was four miles from the sloop-of-war; it is, of course, fair that she should now have the same advantage. You, Captain Stanley, will therefore remain hove-to until Captain Benson has made this head-way; and then you can con-

tinue your chase. But, Captain Benson, I cannot allow either of you or your prize to keep under my lee, for I should by so doing violate my neutrality; and although I shall keep within sight of you, it will be only to see the result of the game, as I shall not interfere in any way.'

'If you please, my lord,' said Benson, a comical idea entering his cranium at this moment, 'thirty minutes truce from the time I reach my vessel will suit me as well as four miles head-way. In that time I shall return the Indian's crew and passengers on board of her, and will then escape by running, or fighting as it may happen.'

'That is very fair, sir,' replied the Dane; 'and with that Captain Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of the thirty minutes' truce I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that we will consider it settled.' So saying, he returned upon deck followed by the rivals.

Captain Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and sullenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when, on glancing at the privateer, a sight greeted his eyes which made him pause and give vent to several vigorous anathemas.

Now it so chanced that the privateer's men having nearly cleared the Indian's of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment tossing the cases of silk and chests of tea in a perfect shower over her gunwale upon the deck of the schooner: while the multitude of cases, boxes, etc. which lay about the American's deck, showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time.

This was too much for Captain Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish Baron that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indian.

'That, sir,' replied the Baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, 'is none of my business, and no part of Captain Benson's agreement.—He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo:—you must help that as you can. And furthermore, sir,' he added sternly, 'if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minutes have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So, adieu, gentlemen; it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you.'

Politely taking leave of the Baron, Benson returned to his boat, when the bloody faces of both boats' crew showed that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves.

'How's this, my lads,' said he in a loud tone that Stanley might hear him, as he showed off to let his boat draw up; 'you did wrong to flog those gentlemen rope-busters; you should have doused your peck to them. I say, Captain Stanley,' he added, as the latter came down into his boat, 'don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate? I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our own fight good-naturedly, eh?'

The Englishman, however, was in no humor for jesting, and vouchsafed him no reply; so each returned to his vessel.

'We have taken out all the schooner will stow of the Indian's cargo, sir,' reported Townsend, as Benson came on board. 'Very good, sir,' replied Benson; 'muster all hands aft here.'

Few words sufficed to explain his plan, and it was as rapidly put in execution. All the English prisoners, including Captain St. John, were put into the cabin of the Indian, and the companion-way sky-lights, deadlights, and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next all her sheets, tacks, and halyards were stoppered and unrove; all her studding sails were then set on both sides, she being still hove-to and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stoppered and unrove; and every thing being prepared, the remainder of the thirty minutes' truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the Indian was cast off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amidships; and instantly gathering way, she was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the sloop-of-war.

The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indian then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat was run up at the davits, and the schooner filling away, stood north-north-west; thus keeping her prize between herself and the sloop.

The Indian, meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man-of-war, and the latter was so nearly in her course that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of the way in time; for, had the Indian yawed two points she would have run him slap aboard; which concussion, as it would probably have sent both to the bottom, was not exactly a 'consummation devoutly to be wished.'

By this time, also, Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indian's deck; and the nature of Benson's trick dawning upon him, he became aware that it was not so easy to take possession of the Indian, she having, of course, a singular degree of independence in her motions; and before his operations were arranged, she had whizzed past him, and was off to the South-west at twelve knots an hour.

This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hopes of capturing the privateer, which had now gained ground to windward, and make all sail in chase of the Indian, for to leave her in present condition would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with many heartfelt ex-

clamations at the Yankee's trick, he bore away in chase, while, to add to his vexation, the privateer perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a forty-pound shot to inform him of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern chasers, so that it looked altogether amazingly as if he was running away from the schooner.

It was truly a laughable sight to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails low and aloft, and cracking on every thing in chase of the Indian; for to fire upon her could do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of her crew; so that it was altogether quite a romantic chase, very much like running after eggs down hill: to put your foot upon them would stop them doubtless, but it would probably break them in the bargain.

Accordingly, the Dunes and the Yankees cackled greatly at Stanley's pickle; and he guessing their thoughts from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers for their future condition with the orders he gave, the which petitions, if granted, will materially effect the condition of the scamp aforesaid on the leeward side of the river Sixx.

The Indian, meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her, the privateer still giving chase to both. Having overtaken her, it was necessary to board her, and this too was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway would rasp one another finely if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly; so here was another peck of troubles.

Captain Stanley at length perceiving that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indian, and loading his starboard battery with chain shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away the braces, the shrouds and stays followed; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indian yawed suddenly, and in an instant was lying along his starboard-side afloat. The consequent rasp was highly emphatic, and in consequence, down thundered the masts and yards of the Indian, the greater part upon the decks of the sloop-of-war; so that Stanley was, on the whole, quite decently peppered; while, to crown all, the farewell forty-pound-shot from the privateer, as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing through his tailfin.

American Monthly Magazine.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, September 20, 1836.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

For Electors.

OXFORD — JOSEPH TOWN.

YORK — SHELDON HUBBS.

LINCOLN — BENJAMIN BURGESS.

KENTUCKY — RUEL WILLIAMS.

VALDE — SAMUEL S. HEGAN.

SOMERSET — JOHN HAMBLET.

WASHINGTON — SHEPARD CAREY.

CONNECUT — JONATHAN SMITH.

PENOBSCOT — WILLIAM THOMPSON.

Returns of votes come in slowly in this county. Such as we have received we give to our readers. The entire democratic ticket has received a large majority. Our Senators, Member of Congress, Register of Deeds, and County Treasurer are elected by an overwhelming vote. In some other counties there has been less unanimity in the democratic ranks than has been found here. It appears that but few members of Congress have been elected in the State, viz. Carter in Oxford, Fairfield in York, Evans in Kennebec, and Bailey in Lincoln. In Cumberland District, Smith wants a few votes of an election. The division in Penobscot & Somerset has probably prevented a choice. The returns received from Valde are such as to afford little hope of a choice in that District. In Washington & Hancock there is no probability of an election.

We give the names of the Representatives elected in this county so far as we have received them. Paris, R. K. Goodnow, Backfield, Y. D. Paris, Norway, J. B. Smith, Sumner & Hartford, L. Benson, Turner, Isaac Gross, Ansover, &c. E. L. Poor, Gilead, &c. J. Burbank, Bethel, S. Barnes, Peru, &c. Knight, Sweden, &c. S. Nevers, Hecron & Oxford, Greenwood, Jay & Canton, D. Merrill, Livermore, Holt, Stowe, &c. Hastings, Denmark, &c. Ingalls.

Returns of votes so far as received.

Norway, 155 146 153 150

Waterford, 96 86 96 96 87 87 92 87 178 178

Sumner, 111 32 112 112 32 102 32 144 141

Jay, 65 60 63 64 65 63 61 63 115 141

Woodstock, 24 24 24 24

Creek War.—A party of Indians have been taken near Pindertown, Georgia. The official despatch to Gov. Schley, says,—"We came up with the enemy in Irwin county; as soon as we came in sight, our men were ordered to charge, which they did promptly and gallantly, raising, at the same time, the war-whoop."

The Indians, who were drawn up in a line, were so frightened, that they broke and run, not taking time and deliberation to bring their rifles to a level to bear upon us; they discharged their pieces at us, when we were within about two hundred yards of them, and before they had time to reload, they were overhauled by our charge and soon despatched.

After the battle, which lasted about twenty minutes, we went over the ground and found 11 men, and we regret to say, 7 women, dead on the field. The women so resembled the men in their dress, that we could not discriminate

between them in the engagement. We took 3 women and 2 children prisoners; two of the women are badly wounded.

The result of this engagement is, eighteen killed and five taken prisoners, comprising the whole party of the Indians, without any loss of killed or wounded on our part. The Indians were on foot, and had little or nothing with them, except their guns and munitions of war."

VERY IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

The New Orleans Bee of Aug. 22 received last evening, contains the following important from Mexico:—

By an arrival from Vera Cruz on Saturday evening last, we have been furnished with our files of the *Diario del Gobierno* of Mexico to the 30th July, inclusively.

As we predicted, domestic commotions have begun and are now agitating that republic.—The liberal party or federalists (i. e. those opposed to centralism) are making rapid advances; they have made a bold attempt to abolish the present order of things and restore the government to its former features; but whether their force was insufficient to obtain the success they calculated upon, or whether the government anticipated their designs and frustrated them by timely organization, we cannot tell; however, they were completely routed at Eda in the engagement which took place between 300 government troops under the command of Gen. Causlazo, and 600 federalists, commanded by Col Miguel Acevedo.

In the *Diario* of the 24th—which states that the federal party had 109 men killed, 228 taken prisoners; among the latter is Acevedo chief of the revolutionists, Address Casteneda brevet commanding the company of Jacachi and a foreigner named Laprelladi captain of artillery. The remainder of their force were entirely routed. The loss of the part of the government were 3 killed and 6 wounded.

The day succeeding this engagement, Acevedo, Casteneda, Ramirez and Laprelladi were shot; a council of war had been held upon the other officers but the result has not yet transpired.

The commandant of artillery of the federal troops succeeded in making his escape from Eda, and has arrived in this city. He informs us, that the greatest agitation prevails in the interior of Mexico, occasioned by the revolutionary movement of Ojaca; disturbances are hourly anticipated.

The Mexican fleet consisting of the brig *Fama* and the schooner *Brozo*, were at Vera Cruz on the 9th.—They were preparing to make a cruise.

Voluntary donations continue to be made throughout the States to carry on the Texian war, but the sum subscribed by nine or ten thousand individuals only amounts to about \$600.

Seditious pamphlets are circulating in the capital, attacking the ministry to the most violent manner. A great many arrests have been made.

At San Felipe (Guajajato) a Lieutenant Colonel of the name of Gonzales made efforts to excite the patriots there to revolt, but not completely succeeding, he decamped for Zacatecas, where a party of troops have succeeded in making prisoners of Zacatecas and 22 individuals.

An obituary of the late General Arrago, brother of the celebrated Gen. Arrago, the astronomer, appears in the *Diario* of the 17th. Mr. Arrago had succeeded in winning the esteem and regard of the whole Mexican nation although he was a stranger, and of course like all strangers liable to their suspicions. He arrived at Sota de la Maria in 1816 with a division consisting of 250 men, and there fought for Mexican Independence under the flag of Gen. Mina.

FRANCE.

The French authorities, it is said, had their suspicions of new regicide projects excited by the fact that certain individuals, destitute of means of subsistence, have contrived to be incorporated into the National Guard, and have found means to equip themselves. These men were to have profited by the confusion, which usually prevails in the ranks of the National Guard before the review, to choose their station among them, so as to be as numerous as possible, when filling by the King. A telegraphic despatch announced a non-commissioned officer of a regiment of the line, in garrison at Metz as going to Paris with the intention of meddling in political intrigue. This young man named Hequart, was accordingly arrested on the 23d of July, and brought to the prefecture of police, where he was put in solitary confinement.

The *Droit* announces that 113 new arrests had been made on the 23d and 24th, seventy-seven of which were grounded on political reasons. Madame Grouvel, who took upon herself to see Morey and Pepin properly interred, is in the number. During day and night reserve detachments were doubled in all the barracks of Paris.

The festival of the three days passed over much in the usual manner, the exception that there was no review, and that on the last day a heavy rain fell. The triumphant arch at the Barrier de l'Etoile, was on that day first exposed to public view, with all its sculptural ornaments. A letter written for one of the London papers describes it as follows:—

"The ornaments render it perhaps too formidable but nothing could effectually detract from the grandeur and splendor of its stupendous of its stupendous features, nor from the majesty of its magnificent proportions. If I were a

Frenchman I should have felt vast pride yesterday [July 30] in contemplating this great structure; and in reading the names of the victo-ries it commemorates, and the list of the heroes by whom they were achieved and whose names are deeply chiselled upon it, and I am sure every French spectator did feel pride.—The rain which commenced at three o'clock however checked, en route, the vast majority of the Parisians who were proceeding to behold the monument. The same cause destroyed completely the concluding spectacles of the great anniversary. The exhibition of the fire works was accompanied throughout by some of the heaviest rain that has fallen this year."

The prosecutions of the Democratic National ultra republican *Bon Sens*, and the pure Carlist journal *La France*, took place on the 30th of July, before the Cour d'Assises de la Seine. The Editor of *Le Bon Sens* did not appear, and was condemned by default to four months imprisonment and to a fine of 4000 francs. The prosecution against M. Persent, the responsible Editor of *Le National*, was founded on an article in *Le National* respecting the Execution of Alihaud, for attempting on the 25th June last the life of the King. The article insinuated that it was hypocritical of the Government to pretend that Alihaud was executed because he would not deign to solicit pardon, and hypocritical of the King to pretend in the case Fieschi that he could not pardon him because the crime was committed against others than himself, since, if he were sincere in that declaration, he might have pardoned Alihaud.

It appeared that an expectation had been indulged in that the death of M. Carrel, principal Editor of *Le National*, would be eagerly seized by Government for the display of mitigated severity. Notwithstanding some effecting references to the death of M. Carrel, on obtaining a verdict, and a condemnation of M. Persent to three months imprisonment, and a fine of 1,000 francs.

The charge against the editor of *La France* was merely that of having copied and published the incriminated article of *Le National*. He was equally convicted—sentenced, to two months imprisonment only, but to a similar fine—1,000 francs.

The proposed journey of the King and Royal Family the *Ex* is indefinitely postponed. A Neully, it is said, precautions may be resorted to, which at En would be impracticable.

Later from France.—The packet ship *Sully*, Captain Jones from Havre, brings French papers to the 2d of August inclusive. We make the following extracts.

FRANCE.

The later arrest.—About ten days ago, the police was informed that a man, whose name we have not heard intended to assassinate the King. The man was immediately arrested. He did not hesitate to avow his criminal design, and even entered into the greatest details as to the means he intended to employ to carry his design into execution. His intention was to take a place in the ranks of the National Guards, throw himself on the King and stab him.

LATER FROM FRANCE.

The packet ship *Sully*, Capt. Lines, at New York, from Havre, brings us French papers to Aug. 2d inclusive. We select all they contain of interest.

In announcing the death of M. N. Rothschild, the Paris correspondent of the *Journal du Havre* remarks:—

"It is feared that his death will cause a rapid decline in French and Spanish securities."

Large sums of specie were being exported from Trieste to Spain, intended as was reported for the use of Don Carlos.

The son of Lucien Bonaparte would, it was said, be condemned to death for having killed an officer of dragoons. It was, however, believed, that the sentence would be commuted.

Accounts from Madrid to the 27th of July.— speak of serious troubles in that capital. The person of the Queen was considered in danger, and the populace were so much excited as to utter cries of death to the ministers." The incapacity of Gen. Cudova, and the want of energy of the officers placed at the head of the army had created serious doubts of their good faith and patriotism.

It is affirmed that Madame Caroline Murat, widow of the Ex-King Joachim, has applied for and obtained permission to enter France. It is added, however, that she cannot avail herself of this permission, until after the departure of the King of Naples; and from this, it may be inferred that his Majesty will soon be at Paris.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship *Gladiator*, Captain Britton, at New York, we have London dates to Monday, Aug. 1st.

The *Times* of August 1st says that on the previous evening an express arrived from Frankfurt announcing the death of Mr. Rothschild. It was previously known that Mr. Rothschild, of London, who went to Frankfurt to attend the wedding of his son, was detained there by extreme illness. He was the chief manager in the great Banking partnership of the Rothschilds, though not the oldest of them.

The French have received news from Oran that Gen. Bugland has obtained a signal victory over Abdel Kador, between Tremouen and Tafna.

The steamboat *Tigris*, one of the expedition on the Euphrates, capsized and went to the bottom in a tornado. Twenty of the crew were drowned, fifteen of them Englishmen. Col. Chesney saved himself by swimming. The cholera was making fearful progress in

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